Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is three studied ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confesse I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier for a new deuisde curtie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks I should outsweare *Cupid*. Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue bin in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Maister.

Arm. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authoritie deare Boy, name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Maister, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit *Sampson*, strong ioynted *Sampson*; I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons* loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Arm.